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lish Renaissance, or "the dull gray dawn of the morning after," or any one of a hundred tunes which on occasion an individual instrument may utter "staccato" with brilliant effect. God help us, and the joy of living, when the art of the world shall be dictated by Paris, or by New York, or by Tokyo, or by Chicago, for then it will be a mean, narrow, spiritless, monotonous little world, and there will be no incentive to leave the confines of one's back stoop, or the contemplation of one's own petty thoughts! What if the Garden of Eden had dictated and had continued to dictate in the realm of art or in any of the forms of life expression! There would have been no Egypt-no delving among the tombs, no deciphering of hieroglyphics, no awesome contemplation of the Pyramids or the temples of the Nile. Greece would have been less than a spot. Rome would not have stunned us with the grandeur of her No shrines tearing our heart chords asunder with the intensity of the feeling wrought into their sculptured stones would have come to us out of the Middle Ages, no nice little copybook exercises would have been prepared for us by the Renaissance! If Eden had ruled

and continued to rule we would have no absorbing problems to work out to-dayproblems involving the existence of our governmental structure—our mental, spiritual and material life, and the sincere enduring art expression of it all. Eden had ruled, if Paris had ruled, if Spain had ruled, if the Latin countries had ruled, this problem, for it is all one problem, would not have been ours. Eden would have given us no problem, Latin Europe would have given us a different one, and, ignoring our individuality, would have endeavored to settle it for us, as, to-day even, Latin Europe is trying to crowd its church upon us and to cram its art forms down our throats! So let us thank fortune that our own individual problem has been given us to solve in our own individual way, and let us realize that it is a problem which is worthy of a solution that shall stand out a clear, clean-cut page in the world's history of achievement-and thank fortune if we have, and if we have not, pray fate to send us men of spirit, of intellect, of heart and understanding, men attuned to the message of the world soul who shall interpret justly and fully our age to coming time.

EDWIN A. ABBEY

NE of America's most distinguished artists passed from the field of endeavor, when, on August 1st, Edwin A. Abbey died in London.

Mr. Abbey was born in Philadelphia on April 1, 1852, the son of a prosperous merchant. In early childhood he manifested talent for art and when but 14 years of age one of his drawings was published. Two years later he began studying wood engraving, which, however, he very shortly abandoned for original illustrative work. For a time he studied at the Pennsylvania Academy School.

His first success was achieved as an illustrator of Herrick's poems and Goldsmith's comedies. Later he illustrated,

with exceptional charm, the Shakespearian plays. He made a great study of costume and was very regardful of historical accuracy. While in New York he worked both for the *Harpers* and the *Century*.

Twenty-four years ago he took up his residence in England, and there were painted the "Holy Grail" decorations for the Public Library, Boston, "Sylvia" owned by the Carnegie Institute, "The Trial of Queen Catherine" belonging to Mr. W. A. Clark, the official picture of King Edward's coronation, and numerous other works in oil and water color. At the time of his death he was painting a series of decorations for the State House at Harrisburgh, Pennsylvania.